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NUMB. I.

The GRUMBLER.

By *Squire* GIZZARD.

To be continued Weekly.

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec poſſum dicere quare
Hoc tantum poſſum dicere, non amo te. Mart.

THURSDAY, *Feb.* 24. 1715.

THE Man is certainly mad, and fit only for the College in *Moorfields*, who when he commences Writer, expects not to be enquired after; he might as well think of ſtanding in the Pillory *incognito*, or ſtaying at home to get a Place at Court.

Now as I am no ways ſolicitous who knows me, or who is pleaſed to enquire after me, ſo I ſhall not concern my ſelf with what People ſay of me, but grumble on like a True *Gizzard*, not without ſome Hopes that as *Ovid* ſays,

--Ore legar populi.

Which, my Bookſeller aſſures me, is *Latin* for *the Paper will ſell*. And then every Man of *Penitration* will be ambitious of owning an Intimate Acquaintance with *Squire Gizzard*; and doubtleſs ſome will be forward enough to tell what Family I came of, what Seat I enjoy in the Country, and what Heireſſes have married into our Houſe.

Knowing therefore, that there is no Man better acquainted with my own Family than my ſelf; I ſhall ſpare theſe worthy Gentlemen the Trouble of compoſing a Genealogy for me, by giving them a ſhort and ſincere Account of my ſelf, and all that have gone before me.

My Pedigree might be deduced without doubt from *Noah* himſelf, were not ſome Records between this time and that unhappily loſt; I ſhall therefore give my gentle Reader nothing but Certainty, and omit ſome probable Conjectures which learned Men have been pleas'd to make concerning the *Gizzards*, as coming into the Iſland of *Britain* with *Brute* and the other Deſcendants from *Ham*, who firſt Peopled theſe Kingdoms.

The firſt Anceſtor I meet with in the Journal-Book of our Family is *Humphry Gizzard*, who was killed in the left *Wing* of King *Richard* the Third's Army in *Boſworth-Field*.

(Price Two-Pence.)

His Son *Joſiah Gizzard*, in the oppreſſive Reign of King *Henry* the Seventh, being much over-tax'd, died of the *Grumbles*, a Diſtemper fatal to our Family.

Hezekiah, who ſucceeded him, being deſign'd for the Clergy, and under a Vow of Chaſtity, after having obtain'd a Diſpenſation from the Church of *Rome*, married into the Family of the *Cooks*; and his Wife being a haſty Woman, broke his Heart with continual *Broils*.

His Son *Jonathan*, in the *Popiſh* Reign of Queen *Mary*, being found in *Lent* with Fleſh about him, was *roaſted* in *Smithfield* for an Heretick.

My next Anceſtor *Obadiah Gizzard*, being an Extravagant *Liver*, run out of all his Eſtate; but betaking himſelf to the *Turky* Trade, ſoon recover'd his loſt Fortune, and flouriſh'd as a conſiderable Merchant in the *Poultry*.

From his Loins ſprang Sir *Hugh Gizzard*, who in his younger Years was *Page* of the *Back-Stairs* to King *James* the *Firſt*, and had for divers ſecret Services the Honour of Knighthood conferred upon him.

His Son *Ichabod Gizzard* was in the Year Forty one remarkable for being a great *Roundhead*, and for marying that great Heireſs Mrs. *Suſannah Giblet*, by whom he obtain'd a prodigious Eſtate near St. *Mawes* in the County of *Cornwall*; which Borough my Anceſtors have ſince that very often repreſented in Parliament.

My Grandfather *Jeoffery Giblet Gizzard*, who was ſo Chriſten'd upon the Account of his *Mother's* being an Heireſs, in the Reign of King *Charles* the Second was *roaſted* for being one of the *Rump*, although he produced Teſtimonials that he was of another *Kidney*. This gave him a violent Fit of the *Grumbles*, of which he died, leaving behind him one only Son.

1308

My Father *Henry Gizzard*, ſucceeding both to the *Gizzard* and the *Giblet* Eſtates, married into the Rich Family of the *Pyes*. He was often choſe Member of Parliament, and prov'd a *cruſty Grumbler* in the Houſe of Commons all the Reign of King *William*, and died of the Family Diſtemper in the fourth Year of the Late Queen.

He left behind him one of the moſt Numerous Families in *Europe*, of which I was the youngeſt, and Chriſten'd by the Name of *Anthony*. At the Time of my Father's Death I was in the Three and twentieth Year of my Age, and now am in the Two and thirtieth, and have for theſe Nine Years together, notwithſtanding all the Changes that have happen'd, been continually within two Days of a Place, as a whole Bundle of Promiſes now lock'd up in my Scutore can teſtify.

The Fatigue of ſuch a conſtant Attendance, and the Diſappointments I have met with, at length have brought upon me the Diſeaſe hereditary to the Houſe of *Gizzard*, with which I am ſo violently ſeized, that I cannot hope for a long Life under ſuch a waſting Illneſs.

I am determined therefore, for the Benefit of the Publick, to *Grumble* out. Nor will it ſeem impertinent in me to entertain the Town with an Account of my ſplenatick Fits at a Time, when it is ſo much in Faſhion over a Tea-Table for one Lady to complain of her Vapours to another.

This Paper then will contain little elſe than an Account of my Diſtemper, which by daily Provocations encreaſes more and more, no Part of this ſpacious City failing to afford it Fuel. For Inſtance :

Wou'd it not make a Man (leſs liable to Spleen than I) almoſt mad, to ſee a worthleſs ignorant Wretch riding in gawdy Pomp, attended and admired, while Honeſty and Learning travel in in the Dirt, deſpiſed and unregarded ; or who can bear with Patience the Thoughts of having a full bottom'd Periwigg admitted into the Ladies Bed-Chambers, while Head and Brains are forc'd to wait without like Strangers ?

When Monkeys, Lapdogs, Parrots and Fops are prefer'd to Favours only due to Rational Creatures, what Man can keep ſilence, and not with honeſt *Gizzard* fall a Grumbling ? Now as many ſuch Incidents happen hourly in this Town, I never can have any Hopes of my Recovery, and therefore may with eaſe ſupport one Half-ſheet once a Week with an Account of my Diſeaſe, which is already given over by all Learned Phyſicians as Incurable.

My Chriſtian Name, as I before informed my worthy Reader, is *Anthony*, and I am commonly known among the moſt intimate of my Accquaintance by the Name of *Tony*, which ſince I have been ſeiz'd with theſe *Grumbling* Fits they have improved into the Word *Grumbletonian*. And indeed that was the Title I once intended to have beſtowed on my Paper.---But conſidering that many of my Anceſtors had been call'd *Grumblers*, and that that Word was much more ſimple than the former, I concluded on that Title which you will here find prefixed.

Many and great were the Applications made to me by buſy and induſtrious Agents in Behalf of the Word *Growler*, as being very Ancient and very Expreſſive, and much uſed by that famous Philoſopher *Diogenes*, who was the greateſt *Growler* in the World. But that being the Name of a Dog and a Heathen Philoſopher, I reſolved not to give it to a Chriſtian ; for ſuch I am, and a true Member of the Church of *England*, though I often *Grumble* at their Proceedings.

Others, and thoſe Men of no ſmall Figure, propoſed to me that I ſhould call my ſelf the *Complainer*. But that I thought belonged more properly to a diſcontented whining *Lover*, than to one who could give a Reaſon for his being out of Humour.

My Brother *Tom. Gizzard* wou'd fain have had my Paper ſtiled the *Satyr* ; but when I reflected that *Satyrs* of late had ſhed their *Teeth*, I reſolved that my Work ſhould not look ſo like an Old Woman's Gums, leſt like them it ſhou'd paſs unſaluted by any Body.

A Neighbouring Poet wou'd have had me call my ſelf the *Lampooner* ; but as I deſign to avoid all Perſonal Reflections, and only *Grumble* at the Vices of Mankind, I cou'd by no means accept of that Denomination.

But no longer to entertain my Reader with the Various Titles that were offer'd me, when I firſt ſignified my Intention of appearing in Print, I ſhall content my ſelf with aſſuring him, that None of them all ſounded half ſo well, or were half ſo ſignificant as the Word *Grumbler*.

And thus much Inſight, I think, every Author ought to give the Publick into his Name, Title, Family, Character, and Temper ; and if upon this Picture of my ſelf any one is diſpoſed to hold a Correſpondence with me, I ſhall intreat them to direct their Letters

To ANTHONY GIZZARD, *Eſq* ; Or,
To the GRUMBLER,

To be left at W. Wilkins's, *at the* Dolphin *in* Little-Britain ; *and I can aſſure them that every ſuch Letter will come to the Hands of their faithful humble Servant.*

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